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his collection of paper money is worth. Joan Cosgrove was in the CPL. We checked the money and it is worth over \$300.00. People who collect things interest me a great deal. John collects money and railroad materials. Richard (his younger brother) collects baseball cards. We returned to 46 Canaan and made a stop at 41 N. Church on the way so that I could pick up some copies of the NEWS of 9/28/83. Everything looks just fine, I am pleased to say. When we arrived at 46 Canaan I watched the various members of the Bubernick family "read" the paper. They all zeroed in on the Police and Fire log first of all. John looked at the "Made in Carbondale" article. Richard wished that the NEWS had comics and a sports section. I assured him that it had sports -- two or three pages every week. Connie was very interested in the letter to the Editor, especially the one about the Nursing Home "uproar" that was caused by the photograph of the residents of the CNH on the cover of the issue following Pioneer Days. John and I had some of the dinner that Connie had prepared. Very good, although John said he didn't like it, which response was more a function of his being 18 than it was a function of the nature of the dinner, which was very good. We drove into town. I should say, that John drove into town and I rode. As frequently happens, John keeps his horn at half of the population of town. He knows a great many people and they all know him. A group of his buddies who "hang out" directly across main street from the Postoffice called out to him to join them as we drove by. He "deposited" me at 13 P.P. and joined them, which didn't bother me in the slightest. I guessed that his buddies had some beer and that they were going to offer John some. About an hour later (9 PM) John knocked on my door and asked me why I wasn't answering my phone. He had just arrived at the Library and had tried to phow me. I had disconnected my phone when I came up at about 8 PM because I wanted to be absolutely alone and did not want to be disturbed. As John knocked on my door I was at my desk and very busy writing and organizing.